defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full issue for which I raz'd my likenes, now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst serue where thou dost stand condem'd, thy maister whom thou louest shall find the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it readie, how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? what would'st thou with vs?

Kent. I doe professe to be no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise, and sayes little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fishe.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest harted fellow, and as poore as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a King, thar't poore enough, what would'st thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who would'st thou serue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maister.

Lear. Whats that? *Kent.* Authoritie.

Lear. What seruices canst doe?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that which ordinarie men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so yong to loue a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe fortie eight.

Lear. Follow mee, thou shalt serue mee, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet, dinner, ho dinner, wher's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you sirra, whers my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you,

Lear. What say's the fellow there, call the clat-pole backe, wher's whers my foole, ho I thinke the world's asleepe, how now, wher's that mungrel?

Kent. He say's my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to mee when I cal'd him?

Seruant. Sir, hee answered mee in the roundest maner, hee would not. *Lear.* A would not?

Seruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgemēt, your highnes is not ētertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, ther's a great abatement, apeer's as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your daughter. *Lear.* Ha, say'st thou so?

Seruant. I beseech you pardon mee my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my dutie cannot bee silent, when I thinke your highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ielous curiositie, then as a very pretence & purport of vnkindnesse, I will looke further into't, but wher's this foole? I haue not seene him this two dayes.

Seruant. Since my yong Ladies going into *France* sir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my daughter, I would speake with her, goe you cal hither my foole, O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

Steward. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you horeson dog, you slaue, you cur.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Doe you bandie lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be struck my Lord,

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football player.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers, length againe tarry, but away, you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, their's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole.